

GENE AUTRY

COMICS

A FAWCETT MAGAZINE

10¢

JULY
No. 9



NOTICE

TO ALL BOYS AND GIRLS

HERE IS MY NEW BOOK AND
I THINK IT'S A HUMDINGER!

THERE IS A LONG PICTURE STORY,
"RANGE ROBBERS," WHICH IS
ONE OF MY MOST EXCITING
ADVENTURES. YOU'LL MEET MY
NEW PALS, YOUNG TOD PRICE,
AND CHIEF GRAY FEATHER,
WHO HELP ME TRACK DOWN
THE RENEGADES.

THEN THERE IS ANOTHER CHAPTER
IN THE THRILL- PACKED LIFE OF
THE WILD COLT, GOLD FLASH.
ALSO THERE ARE FOUR PAGES
ABOUT FAMOUS BUCKING HORSES
AND A FAST- MOVING SHORT
STORY, "THE GHOST OF LONE
MOUNTAIN."

I KNOW YOU'LL LIKE
THE BOOK.

ALWAYS YOUR
FRIEND,
GENE AUTRY.

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GENE AUTRY *in*

'RANGE ROBBERS'

SMOKE, CHAMP!
AN IT'S NOT A
CAMPER'S
FIRE!

AFTER THIS DRY SPELL,
A BAD BLAZE WOULD
WIPE OUT THAT
WHOLE VALLEY!

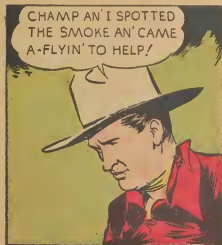
IF THAT WOODPILE BLAZES
UP, THE BRUSH'LL CATCH!

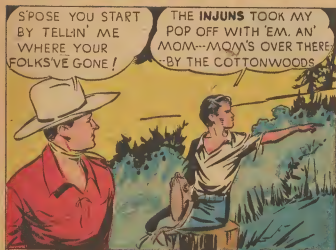
MAYBE
I CAN
STOP IT!

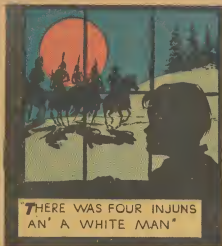
WONDER WHERE THE
FOLKS ARE WHO
LIVED HERE?



LYIN' WON'T
HELP YOU NONE.
MY POP TAUGHT
ME TO SHOOT
STRAIGHT!



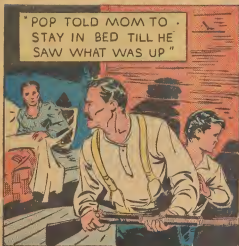




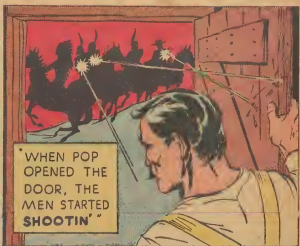
THERE WAS FOUR INJUNS
AN' A WHITE MAN*



* I WOKE UP POP AN'
HE GOT HIS **RIFLE** *



* POP TOLD MOM TO
STAY IN BED TILL HE
SAW WHAT WAS UP *



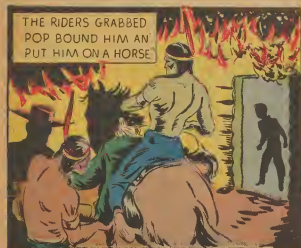
* WHEN POP
OPENED THE
DOOR, THE
MEN STARTED
SHOOTIN' *



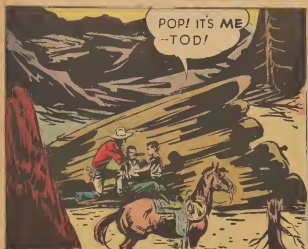
THEY WERE BAD
SHOTS AN ONLY
**NICKED POP'S
SHOULDER** *

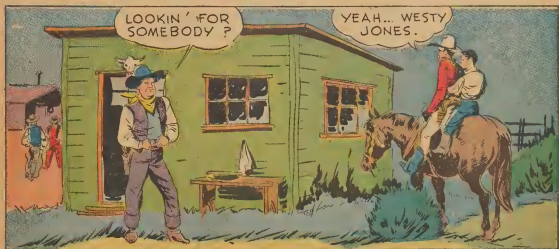
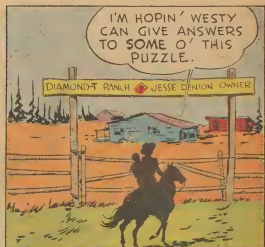


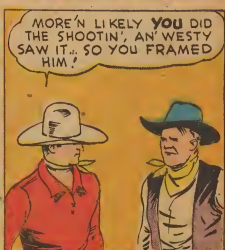
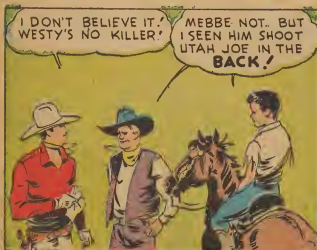
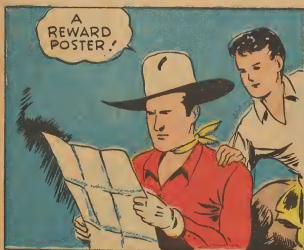
* THEN MOM CAME OUT
AN' SHOT THRU THE
WINDOW AT 'EM *

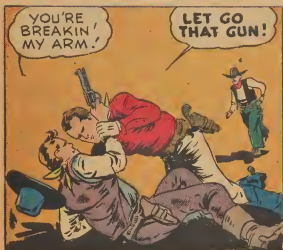
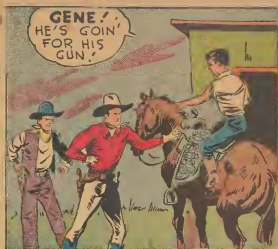












GET MOUNTED FAST, SON
BEFORE MORE O' THEIR
GANG SHOWS UP



NEXT TIME WE MEET,
STRANGER. YOU'D
BETTER BE FAST
ON THE DRAW.



I'LL REMEMBER,
LOOMIS!

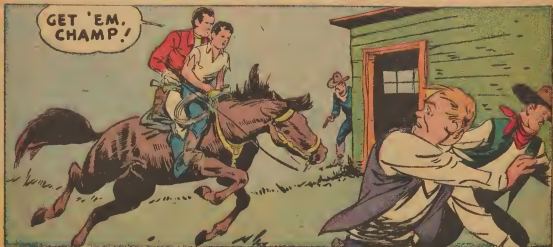
MEBBE THIS'LL
HELP YOUR
MEMORY!

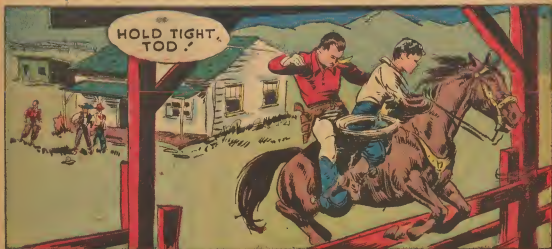


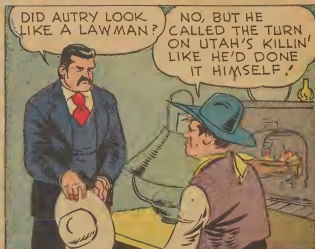
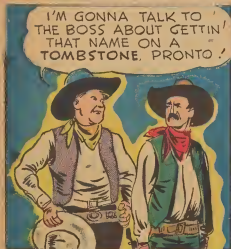
DON'T, TOD,
CHAMP'LL TAKE
CARE OF THEM.

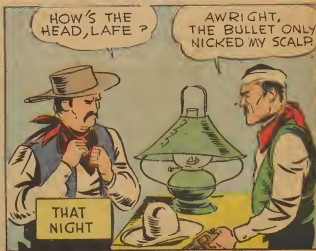
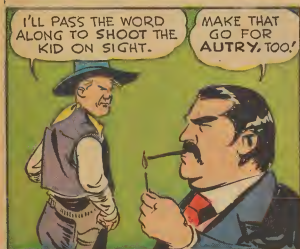


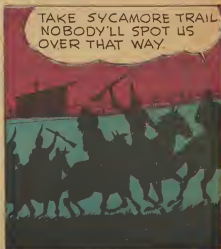
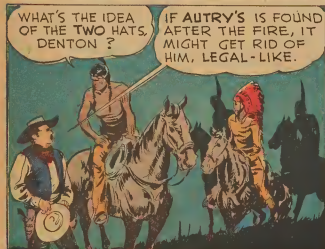
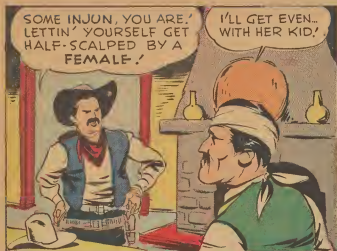
GET 'EM,
CHAMP!



















LET'S GO, CHAMP!



A KID!
TWO TO ONE THAT WAS
AUTRY AND THE PRICE BOY



I'M WORRYIN'
ABOUT THOSE
RIDERS, GENE

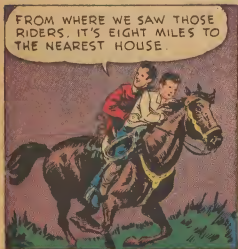
THEY CAN'T DO
MUCH DAMAGE
BEFORE WE CATCH
UP WITH 'EM



WHILE YOU WERE SNOOZIN'
THIS AFTERNOON, I CIRCLED THE
VALLEY. NOTIN' WHERE THE
HOMESTEADS ARE....



FROM WHERE WE SAW THOSE
RIDERS, IT'S EIGHT MILES TO
THE NEAREST HOUSE.



BETTER LET ME
GO FOR HELP, PA.

THEY'D SHOOT YOU
BEFORE YOU
WENT TEN FEET!



MEANWHILE, AT
THE SHAW PLACE

DRIVE THAT OLD BUZZARD
FROM THE WINDOW.'



MAYBE I COULD
RIDE FOR THE
SOLDIERS.

YOU'D BETTER
THINK O' SOMETHIN'
TO KEEP THESE
MURDERIN' INJUNS
FROM BURNIN'
US ALIVE !



THE WELL!
IT'S DRY. WE
COULD HIDE
THERE.'

YEAH! AN' GET
SCALPED TRYIN'
TO REACH IT !



SET YOUR OWN FIRE BY THE
FRONT DOOR, PA. THAT'LL
CATCH 'EM OFF GUARD AN' GIVE
US TIME TO GET INTO THE WELL.



HURRY, DAUGHTER! THE
VARMINTS ARE GETTIN'
CLOSER !

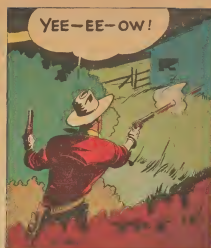


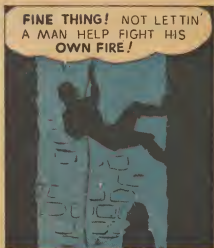
COME ON, PAW!
IT'S NOW OR NEVER !

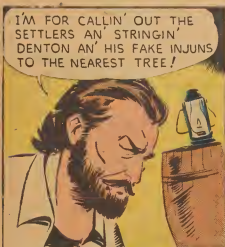
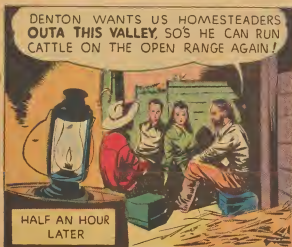
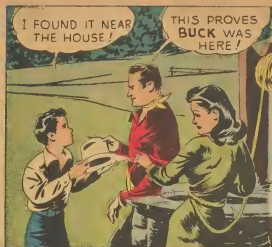


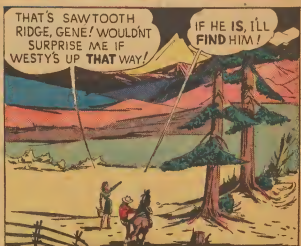
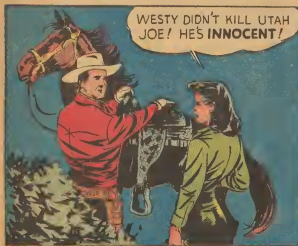
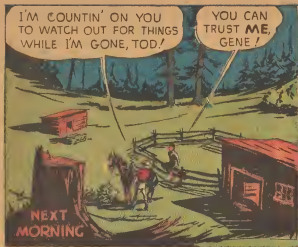




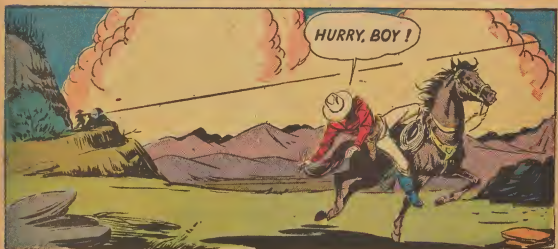


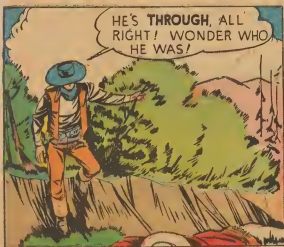
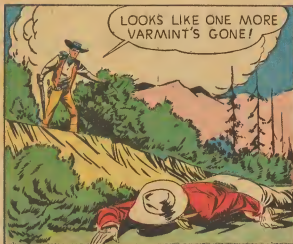


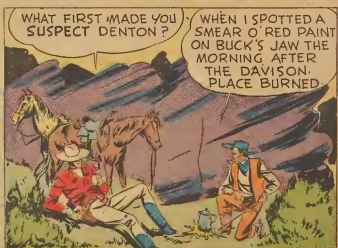
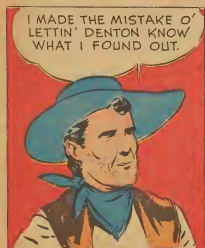
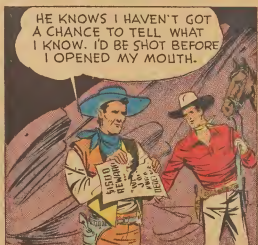
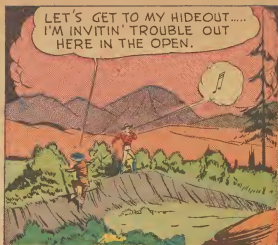












THEN I SNOOPED AROUND
AN' FOUND AN INJUN OUTFIT
UNDER BUCK'S BUNK.



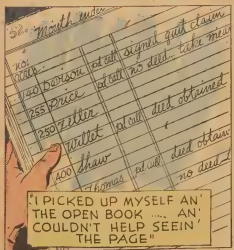
I THOUGHT MAYBE BUCK WAS WORKIN'
ON HIS OWN.... BUT WHEN DENTON GOT
SORE I GUESSED HE WAS BOSSIN' THE
DIRTY WORK.



"WHEN I HINTED AS MUCH "
DENTON TOOK A POKE AT ME



"I FELL AGAINST THE
DESK AN' KNOCKED
OFF A LEDGER...."

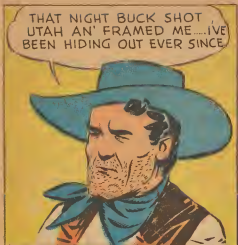


"I PICKED UP MYSELF AN'
THE OPEN BOOK AN'
COULDN'T HELP SEEIN'
THE PAGE"

DENTON ACCUSED ME O' SEEIN' IT,
BUT I SWORE I DIDN'T TO KEEP
FROM GETTIN' SHOT I SAID I'D KEEP
MUM.



THAT NIGHT BUCK SHOT
UTAH AN' FRAMED ME...I'VE
BEEN HIDING OUT EVER SINCE.



WHERE DOES DENTON
KEEP THIS LEDGER
?

IN THE WALL
SAFE BEHIND
HIS DESK.



RECKON I'LL PAY A RETURN
CALL TO THE DIAMOND-T
AROUND MIDNIGHT.



TELL BUCK TO RIDE OVER TO SHAW'S
AN' CHECK THE ASHES. I WANT TO BE
SURE SHAW AND THE GIRL ARE DEAD
BEFORE I FILE ON THEIR CLAIM.



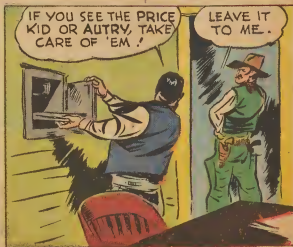
MEANTIME, AT
THE DIAMOND-T...

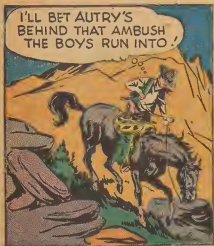
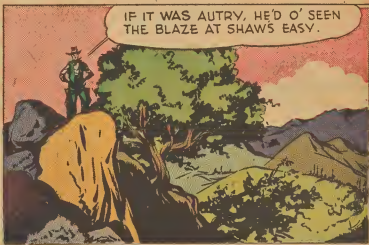
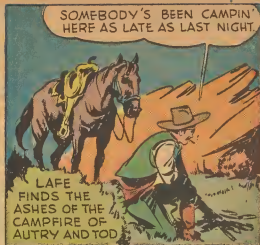
BUCK'S RODE TO
TOWN. I'LL GO!



IF YOU SEE THE PRICE
KID OR AUTRY, TAKE
CARE OF 'EM!

LEAVE IT
TO ME.







DRAT THAT KID! I'D 'A' GOT
SHAW IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR HIM!

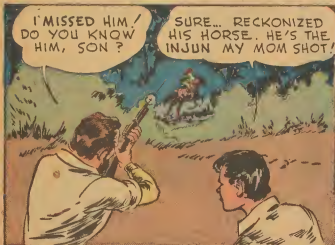


THAT MAN NEARLY
KILLED YOU!



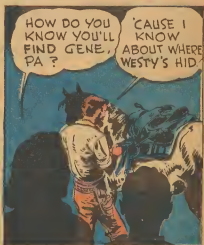
I MISSED HIM!
DO YOU KNOW
HIM, SON?

SURE... RECKONIZED
HIS HORSE. HE'S THE
INJUN MY MOM SHOT!



HOW DO YOU
KNOW YOU'LL
FIND GENE,
PA?

'CAUSE I
KNOW
ABOUT WHERE
WESTY'S HID.



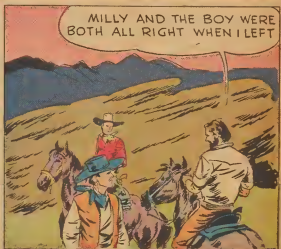
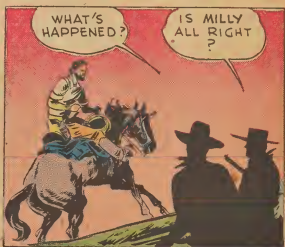
THEM KILLERS'LL BE BACK
PRONTO, AFTER DENTON
HEARS WE'RE STILL ALIVE.

I'LL WATCH
OUT FOR
MISS MILLY!



I BETCHA I WON'T MISS
THE NEXT TIME THAT
HOMBRE SHOWS UP!





KEEP UNDER COVER, WESTY.
YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME TONIGHT!

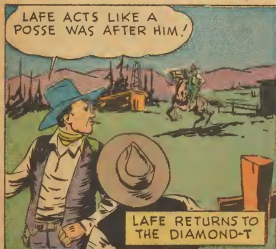


I HOPE WE'LL
BE IN TIME!

DON'T WORRY,
SNAKES LIKE
DENTON NEVER
STRIKE IN THE
DAYLIGHT.



LAFE ACTS LIKE A
POSSE WAS AFTER HIM!



LAFE RETURNS TO
THE DIAMOND-T

I JUST SEEN THE
PRICE KID HELPIN'
OLD MAN SHAW CUT
TIMBER!



SHAW'S
DEAD!

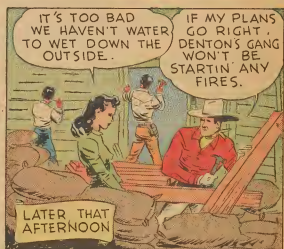
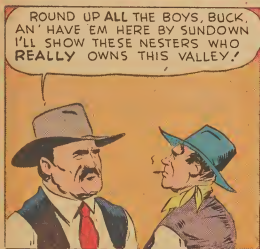
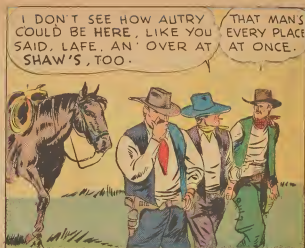
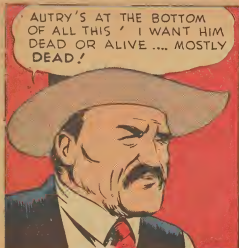
NOT MUCH HE AIN'T!
I SHOT AT HIM BUT MISSED.
THEN THE KID ALMOST
WINGED ME!

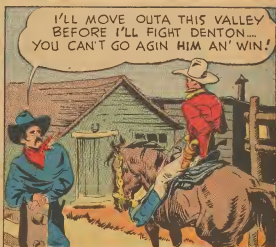


WHAT ABOUT
THE GIRL?

I DIDN'T SEE
HER, OR AUTRY
EITHER... BUT I'M
GIVIN' ODDS HE'S
THE ONE SAVED
THEIR LIVES.







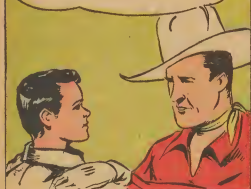
I'LL GO DOWN FIGHTIN'!
DANGED IF I'LL LET THEM FAKE
INDIANS DRIVE ME FROM THIS VALLEY.



YOU'VE SOLVED THE
PROBLEM, SHAW!
INDIANS!



GET A HORSE, TOD!
YOU'RE RIDIN' FOR WESTY!
TELL HIM TO COME FLYIN'!



I SHOULD BE BACK BY
SUNDOWN. WITH WESTY HERE
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT TILL THEN.



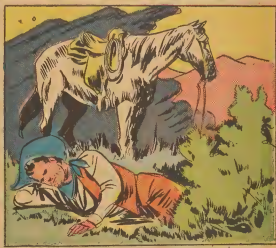
WHAT ARE YOU
GOIN' TO DO?

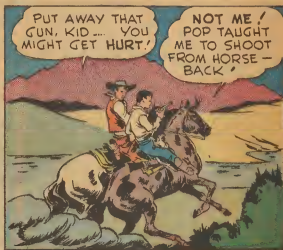
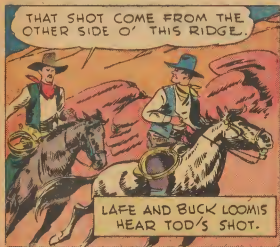
WAIT AN' SEE.
MEANWHILE, TELL TOD
HOW TO GET TO WESTY'S
HIDEOUT.



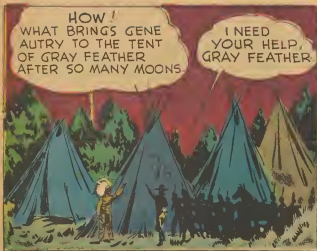
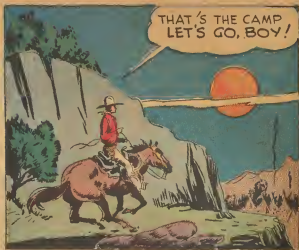
GIMME A GUN
MR. SHAW IN CASE I
MEET UP WITH ANY
SKUNKS!

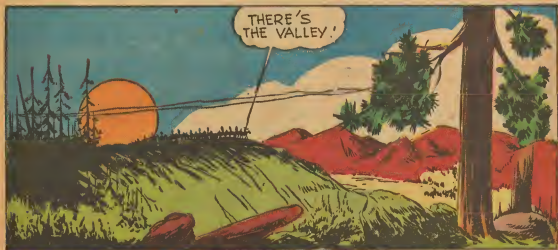






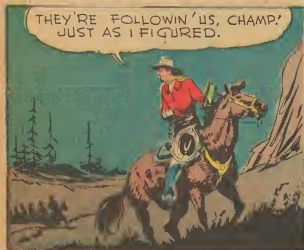












TAKE THIS LEDGER
WITH YOU!



WE'LL SPLIT UP RIGHT HERE.
RIDE IN FROM ALL SIDES, SHOOTIN'!



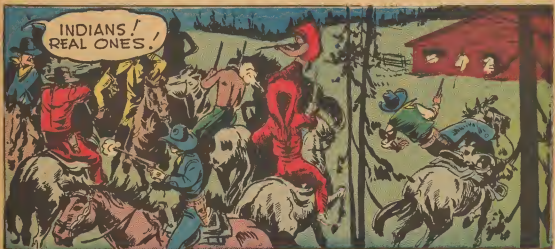
BLAST 'EM
TO BITS, BOYS!



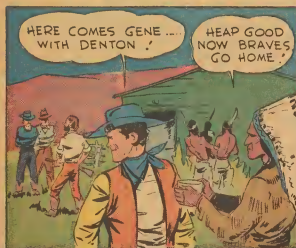
ALL RIGHT!
LET 'EM HAVE IT!



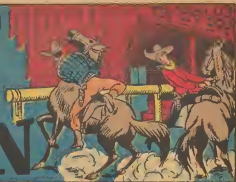
INDIANS!
REAL ONES!







The GHOST of LONE MOUNTAIN



The wind howled down from the mountains, sweeping across the little mining town of Haines Flat like a giant broom, as the two men slid wearily from their horses at the hitching rail in front of the Sly Dog Saloon.

They pushed open the doors, walked into the crowded room, and shouldered their way to the bar. They were a strange-looking pair. One was middle-aged and hawk-faced with grim eyes which moved restlessly around the room. The other was younger, probably in his early twenties, but the fresh youth of his face wore a shadowed, haunted look and there was fear in his eyes.

Suddenly a voice rose above the noisy clamor of the room. The two strangers at the bar turned to look at the speaker, a grizzled, weatherbeaten miner.

"It's this kind of a night when the ghost gits goin' on Lone Mountain," the voice boomed. "Last time I was up Williams' Creek I heerd that ole speerit screamin' an' yellin'. Give me the shivers, it did."

The younger of the two strangers grinned toward the old miner. "So this country's got a ghost, has it?"

The miner nodded solemnly. "Sure has, an' a real one, too. Real enough to keep anybody from strikin' that lost vein up Lone Mountain. Ain't nobody brave enough to stand up agin sich wailin'!"

"Well," said the younger man after a long silence, "as sure as my name's Marty Dover, I'd like to meet this ghost. Are you positive there's gold up that way?"

Again the old miner nodded. "Fella come in here coupla years ago with a nugget big as yore fist. Said he got it there. Plenty folks've gone lookin'. Nobody's stayed."

"Well, I'm going!" Marty announced. "And

I'll stay till I find it."

The next morning the strangers started up Lone Mountain trail, pack burros trailing their horses. Haines Flat had learned but little about them. They were partners, Clint Taylor and Marty Dover, but odd partners. They rarely spoke to one another and, when they did, their words were flat and colorless.

"Somethin' mighty unnatcheral about 'em," the old miner remarked, watching their departure. "Reckon they're queer enough to git along all right with that ghost."

Not until sundown of the second day out did Marty and Clint reach the location where Ike had told them the ghost—and the lost vein—might be found. Marty jumped from his pony

"Looks like a good place to make camp," he said briefly.

Clint climbed, stiff-legged, from his own mount. "Then go ahead and make it."

Marty's eyes narrowed but he said nothing. Instead, he watered ponies and burros, unpacked grub, built a fire and tossed up a lean-to out of sapling boughs and underbrush. He and Clint ate and drank without speaking. Finally Clint broke the silence.

"Be ready to start at sun-up." His voice grated harshly on Marty's ears. "The sooner we strike that gold, the better."

"Maybe there isn't any gold, after all," said Marty. "Maybe it's all just talk."

"You heard what that old miner in Haines Flat said, didn't you?" snarled Clint. "And that old gink of a prospector we met said the same thing, didn't he?" He leered at Marty through the smoke of the campfire. "Or maybe you've forgot that night in Juarez?"

"I wish I could forget it!" Marty exclaimed.

Clint's unpleasant laugh echoed in his ears

long after the fire had died down and the Arizona sky was bright with stars. If only he could get away from that laugh! But only by finding the gold could he do it. Clint had agreed to let him go, when they struck the lost vein. That's why they had come to Haines Flat.

At sun-up the next morning Marty started on his search for the lost vein. From dawn to dark he worked, hoping to find the gold which would mean his freedom from Clint.

Thunderheads, piling up in the west, blotted out the sun earlier than usual a week later, while Marty was panning chippings from an outcropping that "looked good." As he straightened, darkness was well on its way. He lighted his lantern and squinted into the pan.

"Gold!" he gasped. "Honest-to-goodness gold!"

He picked up the lantern and hurried to the place where he had chipped the rock. Yes, gold was there all right, but not in large quantity. This couldn't be the vein the old prospector had meant.

He began to follow the gold traces, difficult to locate in lantern light, and suddenly he realized that he was climbing toward a clump of boulders not far from the mountain's top. Reaching them, he sat down to rest a moment. The storm was nearing and the western sky was bright with streaks of lightning. As a brilliant flash came, Marty gasped.

On the rock wall, which he faced across a five-foot fissure cut deep into the rock of the mountain, he had glimpsed a wide streak of what looked like pure gold ore! Suppressing a wild yell of triumph, he jumped across the fissure, holding the light close to the rock wall.

"Gold! The lost vein!" He did not know he was shouting. He only knew that, at last, he could get rid of Clint.

Then he froze. From behind him came a low, unearthly moan like the wail of a tortured soul. It sent chills up and down his spine and made the roots of his hair prickle. Again came the wailing, louder this time. Then it died away as unexpectedly as it had come.

Marty turned slowly. He didn't believe in ghosts. Something else had made that sound.

"Sol!" Clint's voice rasped out of the darkness, across the wide fissure. "You found the gold!"

In the next lightning flash Marty saw him and saw the gun in his hand. The gun was pointing across the fissure toward his heart.

Clint's harsh voice came again. "But you ain't gonna live to dig it out! An' I got some-thing' to tell you. You didn't kill that old man in Juarez. I did! I made you think you was guilty so's you'd come along on this trip an' do all the dirty work. Good joke on you!"

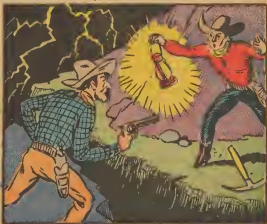
Marty choked. He wasn't guilty of murder! Clint had framed him! That night in Juarez had been such wild confusion. He had fired his gun in self-defense and Clint had told him that his bullet had killed the old man.

"Now I'm gettin' rid o' you!" Clint was yelling. "An' the gold'll be all mine. . ."

Marty never knew exactly how it happened but, as Clint squeezed the trigger and he dodged, he heard a scraping noise. The next lightning flash showed Clint's agonized face vanishing down the fissure. In the darkness he had stepped over the edge. His scream was drowned out by the wailing of the "ghost," as the wind swept across the peak.

Suddenly Marty knew what the ghost was. It was the wind roaring thru the fissure, and a hundred other fissures that riddled the mountain. That wind made the weird noises, which the miners thought were ghostly voices.

When he got back to Haines Flat with his story of the tragedy and proof of his strike, he found that everyone believed both story and proof, but that no one would believe his explanation of the ghost. And, to this day, old settlers tell of the Wailing Ghost of Lone Mountain that snatched Clint Thompson right out from under his partner's nose!



FAMOUS FLYING HORSES, NO. 4.

No-name





NO-NAME WAS RAISED AROUND GLEASON, ALBERTA. HIS FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE AT A MAJOR RODEO WAS AT THE CALGARY STAMPEDE IN 1912. AT DIFFERENT TIMES HE WAS KNOWN AS "FOX" AND "MEDICINE HAT" BUT WHEN THE PENDLETON ROUNDUP ASSOCIATION BOUGHT HIM IN 1917 THEY CHANGED HIS NAME TO "NO-NAME." RECORDS SHOW THAT HE WAS RIDDEN FOR THE FIRST TIME BY EMORY LE GRAND AT HAVRE, MONTANA, IN 1916. YAKIMA CANUTT RODE HIM AT MEDICINE HAT IN 1917 BUT WAS DISQUALIFIED BECAUSE HE LOST ONE OF HIS STIRRUPS, BUT HE WAS NOT BUCKED OFF.

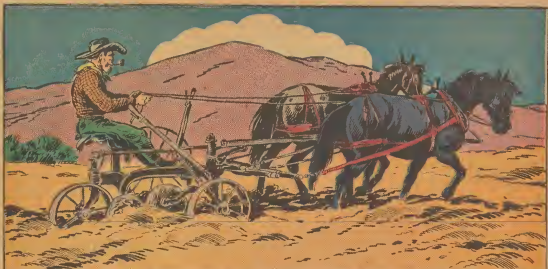
THE STORY IS TOLD OF ONE NOTED "BRONC-TWISTER" WHO MADE THE BOAST THAT "THERE WASN'T A HORSE LIVIN' THAT COULD BUCK HIM OFF." HE ENTERED THE BRONC RIDING-CONTEST AT THE PENDLETON ROUNDUP, DREW NO-NAME, AND RODE HIM LESS THAN TWO JUMPS. NO-NAME WAS RETIRED WHEN HE WAS ABOUT TWENTY YEARS OLD AND AN IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY WAS HELD AT PENDLETON WHEN HE MADE HIS FAREWELL APPEARANCE.



FAMOUS BUCKING HORSES. NO. 5.

Tumbleweed





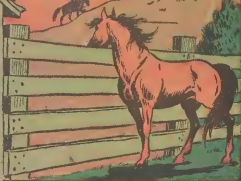
ABOUT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO WILLIAM S. HART WAS MAKING A PICTURE CALLED "TUMBLEWEEDS." CY. JONES, OF BURBANK, CALIFORNIA, WAS FURNISHING THE LIVESTOCK FOR THIS PICTURE. THE COMPANY WAS ON LOCATION NEAR SANTA SUZANNA PASS. A LOCAL FARMER HAD A WORK HORSE THAT WAS A HARD BUCKER. SEVERAL OF THE COWBOYS TRIED TO RIDE HIM BUT WERE UNSUCCESSFUL. JONES BOUGHT HIM AND NAMED HIM "TUMBLEWEED." JONES LATER SOLD HIM TO THE BAKER RANCH AND HOOT GIBSON BECAME HIS OWNER WHEN HE BOUGHT THE RANCH. FROM 1929 TO 1936, NO COWBOY EVER RODE HIM WITHOUT "PULLING LEATHER." HOOT SOLD HIM TO CUFF BURREL. HE IS NOW OWNED BY GENE AUTRY'S FLYING-A RANCH AND THE LIGHTNING-C RANCH, OF DUBLIN, TEXAS. OLD TUMBLEWEED IS NOW PAST TWENTY YEARS OF AGE BUT STILL MAKES THE BOYS "SET UP AN' RATTLE."



Gold Flash

GOLD FLASH, THE WILD BUCKSKIN COLT, WAS CAUGHT, BRANDED AND GENTLED BY BART WEST. BUT THE FLASH ESCAPED FROM BART'S CORRAL. AFTER A LONG SEARCH, BART FOUND HIM IN POP RADER'S RODEO, WHERE HE WAS KNOWN AS YELLOW FEVER. MUSTANG RUNNERS HAD TRAPPED HIM AND SOLD HIM TO POP. BART DECIDED TO LEAVE HIM IN POP'S BUCKING STRING FOR AWHILE, KNOWING THAT HE WOULD RECEIVE THE BEST OF CARE ...

S'LONG,
FLASH!



I'LL GO BACK AN' GET
TH' FLASH SOON AS TH'
ROUND-UPS OVER.



DON'T BE SO SPOOKY,
BOY. WE'LL TAKE GOOD
CARE O' YOU WHILE
BART'S GONE



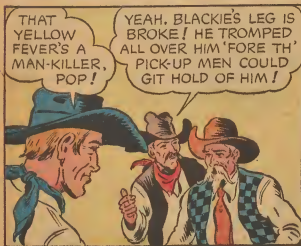
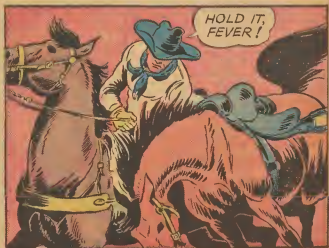
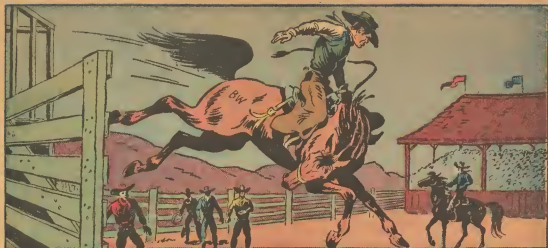
NEXT DAY
TH' NEXT RIDER OUT
WILL BE BLACKIE BROWN RIDING
YELLOW FEVER. WATCH THIS, FOLKS!
BLACKIE IS A TOP HAND AND
YELLOW FEVER IS TH'
GREATEST BUCKIN'
HORSE EVER
KNOWN!



DON'T OPEN THAT
GATE TILL I GET
SET GOOD

COME OUT
CLAWIN' HIM,
BLACKIE!





THAT
YELLOW
FEVER'S A
MAN-KILLER,
POP!

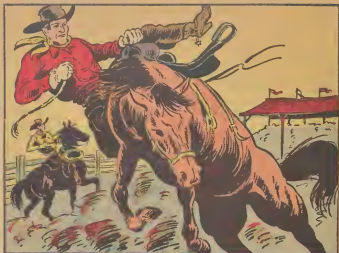
YEAH, BLACKIE'S LEG IS
BROKE! HE TROMPED
ALL OVER HIM 'FORE TH'
PICK-UP MEN COULD
GIT HOLD OF HIM!

I DONT THINK ANY LIVIN'
MAN KIN RIDE THAT YELLOW
FEVER, 'CEPT BART WEST!

TH' NEXT EVENT ON TH' PROGRAM WILL BE BRONC RIDIN'. FIRST RIDER OUT WILL BE BOB SCOTT ON YELLOW FEVER. BOB IS A FORMER WORLD'S CHAMPION AN' YELLOW FEVER HAS NEVER BEEN RODE!



THE FOLLOWING DAY.



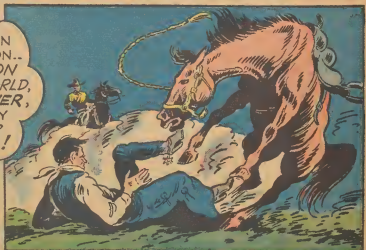
A WEEK LATER

NEXT WILL BE TH' MOST EXCITIN' EVENT OF TH' AFTERNOON! **JOE KING**, RUNNER-UP TO THE WORLD'S CHAMPION, WILL ATTEMPT TO RIDE **YELLOW FEVER**, TH' WILDEST BUCKING HORSE IN RODEO HISTORY! PICK-UP MEN..GET READY!

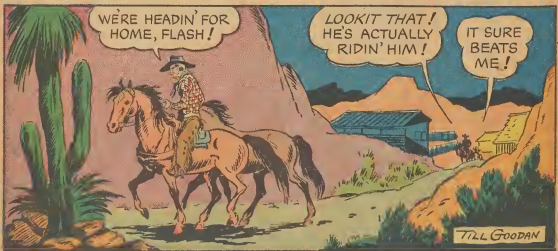
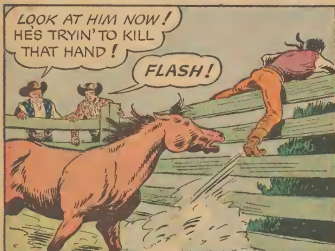
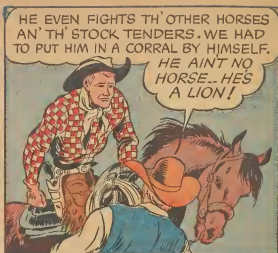
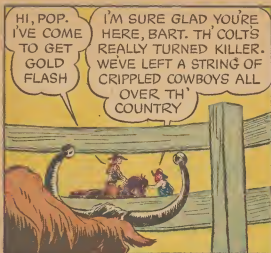


A MONTH LATER

NOW WE COME TO TH' MAIN EVENT OF TH' AFTERNOON.. **GARY DORN**, CHAMPION BRONC RIDER OF TH' WORLD, WILL RIDE **YELLOW FEVER**, TH' BRONC THAT NOBODY CAN CONQUER!... PICK-UP MEN..WATCH THIS HORSE! HE'S A KILLER !!







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